

## SACRIFICE

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### *Ragkupati*

Then come and learn your  
lesson  
once again from me. Sin has  
no  
meaning in reality. To kill is  
but to  
kill,—it is neither sin nor  
anything  
else. Do you not know that  
the dust  
of this earth is made of  
countless  
killings ? Old Time is ever  
writing  
the chronicle of the transient  
life of  
creatures in letters of blood.  
Killing  
is in the wilderness, in the  
habitations  
of man, in birds' nests, in  
insects'  
holes, in the sea, in the sky ;  
there is  
killing for life, for sport, for  
nothing  
whatever. The world is  
ceaselessly  
killing; and the great  
Goddess Kali,  
the spirit of ever-changing  
time, is  
standing with her thirsty  
tongue hang-  
ing down from her mouth,  
with her  
cup in hand, into which is  
running the  
red life-blood of the world, like  
juice  
from the crushed cluster of

grapes.